Bitter and Sick

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Bitter and Sick

by thecatconstellation

Summary

When a string of gruesome murders are tied to local BDSM clubs, Will may have to work through his own kinks. Hannibal's just here to help.

Somewhat case-heavy, slow burn.

Notes

This is my first fic so please be nice! Entire fic is mapped out. Updates will happen as I write and edit the chapters, but at least once a week! Title and chapter titles inspired by the song "Bitter and Sick" by One Two. Check out my Hannigram playlist on Spotify - "hannigram: i let you know me". No beta.

Ruin My Day

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke with a groan. He'd downed half a bottle of whiskey the night before, and he was paying for it now. He pulled himself out of bed and took the few steps to the front door, opening it to allow the dogs to spill into the front yard. As they ran around happily, he made his way into the kitchen for some water and ibuprofen. After chugging a glass of water, he went to the kitchen table to fetch the whiskey glass from the night before. He paused as he looked at the open laptop on the kitchen table, and his face burned in shame. A large contributing factor to his hangover lay in his Internet search history. He erased the history, slammed the laptop shut, and sighed. Running his hands through his hair in frustration, he headed back to the front room to call the dogs inside.

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Will was wrapping up a lecture when his phone rang. Glancing at the screen, he sighed and answered. "Hello, Jack."

"We need you in Baltimore. This is the 3rd in two weeks, and he's escalating," Jack said without a hello. "Send me the address," Will replied.

He made his way to the address, and found Jack, Beverly, Price, and Zeller around a body. Male, late 20's, pale skin and dark hair. The body was in a kneeling position, hands tied with red rope behind the back. The skin of the back and thighs was in shreds, flogged or beaten bloody. Burn marks of various sizes covered the arms. The eyes and mouth had been sewn shut. There were several deep cuts in the stomach and on the chest were two carvings. The first looked slightly like an F with the top extended and the second looked like H with a tilted center.

"Runes," Price said. "The first is Fehu, it means cattle or prosperity. The second is Hagalaz, it means destruction." Jack, Beverly, and Zeller all looked at Price in confusion. Will continued looking at the body. "My brother is a witch," Price said with a shrug. "The others had the same carvings and similar damage to the back and thighs, but the burns and abdominal cuts are new. Cause of death is a broken neck," Zeller stated. "The first body was two weeks ago, the second only three days ago. All men in their late 20s," Jack added. Will only half heard the conversation, the golden pendulum dropping before his eyes.

Desire, anger, and frustration flooded his psyche. He saw the man before him alive but tied with the red rope. Naked but smiling, not afraid. In the hands of his mind self, Will held a whip. He struck the man before him and heard a small moan and then a laugh. "Harder," the man before him said. The self in his mind approached the man and grasped a hand full of hair. Anger filled him. How dare this worthless thing laugh, how dare he dictate what he deserves. Something in him snapped. If this ungrateful brat wanted it harder, that's what he would get. He beat him, over and over. The man screamed, begging for it to end. But it didn't end, not until blood poured from his back and thighs. Then, it was on to the burns, taking a

lighter, cigarettes, and cigars to the man's arms. He wept and pleaded, but there was no going back. Next came the knife, deep cuts, the flowing blood from the abdomen and apologies and promises dripping from the man before him. Finally, he snapped his neck. He carried the body to the car, driving into the open field the true Will stood in now. He set the body into its positon, carved the runes into his chest, and sewed his eyes and mouth shut. "Shhh, no telling," he whispered, stroking the face before him.

Will returned to himself and felt a wave of nausea. He also felt a tight heat below his stomach, but he was trying very hard to not feel that. He took a shuddering breath and spoke, "The killer was angered by the victim. He felt his masculinity and dominance were questioned. This started as a consensual BDSM encounter, but the killer snapped. He views the victims as lesser than himself, and when they question him or disappoint him, he kills them. He's getting angrier. He's looking for a nice little pet and all these victims have to be destroyed for failing his tests." Will shoved his shaking hands into his jacket pockets as the team processed his information. Taking a deep breath, he asked Jack if he was free to go. Jack nodded and said he would call with updates from the autopsy.

Will drove straight home to finish that bottle of whiskey

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Hannibal!

No Rest Tonight

Chapter Summary

Will has a therapy appointment.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the kudos so far! I finished Chapter 2 because I was inspired by a friend's outfit, and I couldn't wait a week to post! Updates are shifting from every Wednesday to "whenever I finish a chapter" but will be at least once a week! No beta, so excuse any spelling or grammatical errors!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will took his seat in Hannibal's office, his mind still very much in the field from the day before. "Where are you, Will?" Hannibal began. Will dragged his eyes from his own feet to Hannibal's. Will's mind turned over the deep red, almost black color, of Hannibal's shoes. *Oxblood* his mind supplied, and images of pale, dead hands tied in red rope filled his mind. Hannibal said his name again. Right, he had to make it look like he was at least looking near Hannibal's face.

He pulled his eyes up further, over Hannibal's navy suit with some sort of plaid - was it brown or red? Will couldn't tell in the soft, golden light of the office. He found himself comforted as his eyes made their way to Hannibal's chest and he found the mix-match of patterns Hannibal pulled off so well. The waistcoat was a different, browner plaid, laying over a blue and white striped shirt. Will's eye's landed on the knot of Hannibal's tie, a floral - almost paisley - design of blues, reds, greens, and yellows. Will took a deep breath, he focused on the flowers, he focused on the patterns, and he did ***not*** focus on the image his mind supplied of that tie wrapped around his wrists.

"In the field," he finally said. Hannibal shifted, and Will's eyes glanced up to his face before falling back to the floral knot. "Tell me about the scene. What is sticking with you and pulling you back there?" Hannibal pressed.

Will took a deep breath and described the body and the scene he saw beyond the pendulum. He felt the same mixture of nausea and desire that he had felt yesterday. His stomach twisted and his cheeks burned. He hoped beyond hope that Hannibal wouldn't notice, but of course he did. "You've laid out the scene, but I'm interested in your response," Hannibal said quietly. Will closed his eyes, shaking his head briefly. "Will, I'm here to help you understand

your mind and separate yourself from the killers you let in. I can't do that if you won't speak to me."

Will sighed, running his hands through his hair, and opening his eyes. He shot Hannibal a quick look, making eye contact for all of 2 seconds, before looking down again to the flowers and the calming chaos of the mixing patterns of Hannibal's outfit. "I don't know how I feel. It's too hard to separate my own feelings from this killer's. I'm too far inside the killer's head." That wasn't quite the truth, but he didn't want to tell Hannibal the truth. He didn't want to tell *himself* the truth. That he was...curious.

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Hannibal had a lot to think about as he prepared dinner that evening. He allowed himself the indulgence of simplicity, as he seared off a steak cut from the leg of an overly aggressive door-to-door salesman. Taking his dinner into the dining room, he paused, lost in thought as he swirled his Malbec, inhaling the citrus tang. What would Will Graham smell like, kneeling like the victims of this new killer, lost in the bliss of submission?

An hour away, locked in his home with his dogs, half drunk and panting in his bed, Will Graham pondered a similar question.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: We learn more about the murders.

No End in Sight

Chapter Summary

A discovery is made and a new body is found.

Chapter Notes

I'm completely making up the stuff about the BDSM clubs. I'm doing no research other than to find actual Baltimore neighborhoods. Let's pretend we live in a fantasy world where there are lots of amazing BDSM clubs in every city.

Once again, no beta, so please ignore any mistakes. And also big thanks to everyone who has read, kudo'd, and bookmarked so far! I promise we'll be getting into some Will and Hannibal BDSM-themed sexual tension soon...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two days later, Will woke to the sound of a text alert. He groaned, grabbing his phone. Beverly's name filled his vision. *We're wrapping up the autopsy this afternoon. I think Jack is going to want you there.*

Several hours later, Will was standing in the morgue looking on as Beverly, Price, and Zeller wrapped up the autopsy. Jack looked at them expectedly. Beverly started speaking, "What we've found mostly maps onto what we said in the field. Cause of death is a broken neck. Damage to back, thighs, arms, and abdomen done antemortem. Chest carvings and sewing of the eyes and lips done post-mortem. We didn't find much on the body in terms of evidence. We were hoping to find something on the rope, but the only DNA is the victim's. We did find one thing that might be helpful. When we examined him with a blacklight, we found this." Price flipped the lights off as Beverly pulled the blacklight out and held it against the inside of the man's left wrist. It was a stamp in blacklight reactive ink, commonly used by some of the clubs and bars in Baltimore. This one was a snake wrapped around the letter M.

"Any of you recognize the stamp?" Jack asked. Beverly's face went a little pink before she answered. "Yes, it's a BDSM club called Mass. It's in Fells Point." Everyone glanced at her before looking back to the body. "Okay," Jack said, "Did the others go there too?" Zeller chimed in, "No, but they did have blacklight reactive stamps for other clubs. Victim 1 had a stamp for a club called Fable and Victim 2 had a stamp for a club called Discord." Jack nodded before looking at Beverly and asking her, "And are those also BDSM clubs?" She blushed again and nodded, "Fable is also in Fells Point. Discord is in Canton."

“So it looks like we know where he’s choosing them,” Jack stated. “He also has a type,” Price added, “they’re all late 20’s, dark brown hair, and quite pale.” At that, everyone glanced at Will. Before anyone said anything though, Jack’s phone let out a shrill ring.

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There was another body. Another dark haired, pale body, kneeling and tied in crimson rope. His injuries were similar to Victim 3, but the killer was clearly escalating even more. There were more burns and cuts, and there were also bruises littering his jaw and neck. Will didn’t let the pendulum drop. He closed his eyes and pretended, but he already knew what happened.

“He kept this one for a bit,” he said, trying to tamper down his emotions. Price nodded, “I agree. He’s only been dead a few hours, but these bruises are at least a day old. The injuries of victims one through three all occurred close to time of death.” Jack sighed in frustration and looking at Will asked, “So maybe this one didn’t piss him off as quickly?” Will shook his head. “He’s escalating. He didn’t start slowly. He’s gotten a taste for it. I don’t think he’s likely to stop anytime soon. He may already be trying to find his next toy.”

Jack didn’t speak for several minutes, and then he said quietly, “The new victim fits the profile,” and looked to Will again. Will shook his head, knowing where this was heading. “I’m *not* going undercover at a BDSM club! Besides, I’m not young enough. They’re all in their 20’s. I’m 34!”

He was starting to panic. His hands were shaking and his breathing was coming fast. Jack scoffed, “If you shave, you won’t look a day over 25! Will, we need to find this man before he kills again!” He looked back to the forensics team, ignoring the shaking Will. “Does he have a stamp?” Beverly pulled out a blacklight and examined the wrists, “Yeah, it’s been cut through, but it looks like it’s for Discord.” Jack nodded and looked back to Will. “You may be our only chance to catch him, Will.”

Will’s head moved up and down, not quite in a nod. “I need to think about it,” he said and practically ran to his car. The panic rising up was making him nauseous. He needed to be home with his dogs, where he would be safe. He wasn’t afraid of this killer. He was afraid of what he might feel while looking for this killer. The idea of going to a BDSM club and being confronted with the desires he kept locked up was not something he wanted to consider. He needed to find a way out of this.

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea how old Will is supposed to be, but the Hannibal Wiki says he's 34, so that's what I went with!

Up next: Will has another therapy appointment. I wonder what Hannibal's view on the matter will be...

Fingers Round My Neck

Chapter Summary

Will does a lot of thinking and has a therapy appointment.

Chapter Notes

Finally earning our Explicit rating! Thank you for the kudos, comments, and hits!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had slept maybe four hours in the past few days. He tossed and turned, he beat himself up. He knew what Jack was asking made sense. Will fit the profile. What bothered him was how much he fit the profile. He wasn't just a similar body type, similar coloring. He wanted what the victims wanted. He wanted to submit.

As he lay awake night after night, his thoughts drifted first to kneeling figures and red rope, and then to the videos he'd only allow himself to watch when he was half a bottle of whiskey in, and then to his first girlfriend. He had been 17. She was 18. He had met her at the library, and she seemed impressed by his mere interest in books, it didn't matter what kind. They dated for three months before they had sex, and it was...fine. Will understood the appeal well enough, but he still wasn't *satisfied* . There was still an itch inside him.

Over the next several months, they continued dating and fucking, and Will continued being content but not happy. And then one day, squirreled away in a corner of the library devouring books, he came across a sex scene that made him feel a way he had never felt before. *Perhaps this is it.* He started to search out more, to try to understand what he was feeling, and he stumbled upon an online forum for BDSM. He devoured it. He felt overjoyed, high on the new knowledge he had found.

The next day, he showed his girlfriend some of the things he had read, anxiously awaiting her response. He watched as her cheeks pinked and she chewed thoughtfully on her lip. "What do you think?" he had asked her eagerly. She grinned and looked at him. "It's certainly something we could try. I don't think I'd enjoy all of these things, but you could certainly tie me up and spank me a little!" Will frowned and responded, "Oh, uhm, well I thought maybe *you* could tie *me* up." She laughed and then upon seeing the look of dejection on Will's face and realizing he had been entirely serious, grew angry. "You're joking! You're the man! You're supposed to be in charge. There's no way I'm doing those things to you. I can't believe you would ask me to do that." She'd left quickly, and Will never brought up the topic with any other partner.

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“How are you feeling today, Will?” Hannibal’s voice cut through the fog of Will’s tired mind. “I’m...tired. I haven’t been sleeping well.” He ran his hands through his hair, making the curls wilder. Hannibal drank in the sight of Will like this, exhausted and a bit wild. He would be so pliable. “What’s keeping you awake at night, Will?”

“Jack wants me to go undercover on this case. I don’t want to. I’ve been thinking about ways to get out of it.” Hannibal watched Will’s face as he said this, noticed the small twitches and tightness in his mouth. “What about going undercover for this case concerns you, Will?” Will looked lost in thought. It took him a while to respond. “I’m worried about what it will do to me.”

Hannibal considered this a moment before responding. “What are you worried about, Will? Getting lost in the killer or getting lost in the victims?” Will’s eyes shot to Hannibal’s. “What do you know of dominance and submission, Will?” Will gulped, his eyes moving from Hannibal’s face down to the knot of his tie - a purple paisley today. His ears were ringing, hearing those words from Hannibal’s mouth. He felt himself growing hard.

Hannibal continued speaking, and Will continued trying to breathe. “This killer has a warped sense of what these mean. You said he views his victims as less than him, but dominance and submission should have equal footing. Submissive partners should have a say in what happens and should be able to communicate openly with their dominant partner about their desires. I’m sure you’ve come across the saying “safe, sane, and consensual,” certainly this killer is not abiding by those guidelines. You needn’t be fearful of dominance and submission in general. Having personally been to some of these establishments, I can tell you there is nothing to fear. I know you can handle yourself against a killer such as this. You can resist getting lost in his mind,” Hannibal ended, sensing that wasn’t Will’s true fear anyway. Will nodded and shifted in his seat. His cheeks burned as he tried to process everything Hannibal had just said. Hannibal had been to these establishments? Did that mean he...enjoyed these things?

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After letting the dogs out to pee, ushering them back in the house, and feeding them, Will kicked off his shoes and dragged himself into bed fully clothed. He was trying not to focus on Hannibal’s words from their session. He was trying not to focus on his reactions to those words. But it was no use. He had been hard since Hannibal uttered the word “submission” and it wasn’t going away.

He slid off his pants and allowed his hand to sneak into his boxers. He moaned as he wrapped his hand firmly around himself and allowed himself to think only briefly about kneeling in front of Hannibal. He moved his hand slowly, drawing out the pleasure. He tried to refocus his thoughts, pull them away from kneeling and submission and Hannibal’s sharp cheekbones.

He thought of Alanna and her pretty eyes. He thought of the girl at the local coffee shop and what she might taste like. He thought of what Hannibal might taste like. *Fuck, no* . He wasn’t supposed to be thinking about that.

A small whine worked its way from his throat. He was so hard and none of this was working. He took a deep breath, let go of his cock, and stared at the ceiling. He knew what he wanted. He slammed his fist into the mattress, and then with a frustrated sigh, he gave in. He pushed his boxers fully off, took himself in hand again, and let himself imagine.

He was kneeling in the center of the room as Hannibal sat in his chair. The lights in the office were down low, and a fire roared in the fireplace. He was naked, but he wasn't cold. He was on fire. Hannibal's eyes roamed his body as he stayed perfectly still, being good, so good. He wanted to be good for Hannibal. Hannibal smiled and crooked his fingers, instructing Will to crawl to him. As he moved towards Hannibal on hands and knees, Hannibal undid his belt and drew down his zipper. He reached in and withdrew his cock. "Suck," he said quietly when Will was right in front of him. Will reached out with his tongue to taste the tip of Hannibal's cock.

He bit back a scream as he came. He had barely imagined any actual sex, and he came so hard he couldn't breathe. His face burned in shame as he panted. He grabbed his boxers and wiped his hand clean, and then dragged the blankets up over himself and went to sleep. He slept better than he had in months.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Will makes a decision about going undercover.

Shut Out the Light

Chapter Summary

Will decides to go undercover and gets some help from Beverly.

Chapter Notes

This chapter doesn't push the plot forward much and isn't the most exciting, but I wanted to write some Will and Beverly interactions. I love the idea of what their friendship could have been.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will woke the next morning, he allowed himself to wallow for 15 minutes before dragging himself out of bed and taking the dogs for a long walk through the woods. He was going to be gone late tonight, so he wanted to make sure they had plenty of exercise. Upon returning, he fed the dogs, made himself lunch, and tried to calm his nerves. Eventually, he worked up the courage to call Jack. “Okay, I’ll do it.”

A few hours later, he got a text from Beverly. *I’m coming over! Bringing supplies…* Will had no idea what that meant and he was afraid to find out.

Beverly was at his door 45 minutes later with a black duffel bag that Will eyed dubiously. “Take me to your closet,” she said immediately. He showed her the way and she rifled through everything. There were a lot of huffs and disapproving tsks, but eventually she pulled out a button down shirt that wasn’t plaid or flannel, but a deep blue cotton. “This will have to do,” she said with a sigh. “Pants?” she asked, and Will pulled out a drawer where he had hastily shoved his pants without folding them after the last time he did laundry. “Seriously, Graham? Okay, uhm,” she rifled through the drawer, looking over every pair before pulling out a pair of dark heathered gray slacks. “Iron these,” she said, throwing them at him.

When he returned, he found Beverly rifling through his underwear. “Hey! What are you doing?” he asked, reaching to shut the drawer. “Trying to find boxer briefs. You’ll walk differently. You usually wear boxers. It’ll help you feel different. I’ve only had to do undercover stuff a few times, and I always try to wear different underwear.” “Okay, okay, let me do the digging, please get out of my underwear,” he said blushing. He had one pair of boxer briefs his last girlfriend had bought him. She said she liked the way they hugged his ass. He found them at the bottom of the drawer and pulled them out. Beverly smiled and grabbed them gleefully. “My, my, cheeky Will Graham!” He blushed. They were maybe a bit

short, made of a soft black jersey with black waistband. He grabbed them back from her, and she laughed.

“Shower and shave,” she said, pushing him towards the bathroom. “I’m going to get ready.”

Will closed the door and took a deep breath. He was really going to do this. He stood in front of the sink and ran his fingers through his facial hair. He knew it wasn’t much, and it would grow back quickly, but he hated doing a full shave. He always felt so bare and vulnerable, and he hated how itchy his skin got as the facial hair grew back.

He decided to shower first and give himself time to work up to it. Turning the water as hot as it would go, he let himself steam and scold for a few minutes before turning it down a bit and cleaning himself thoroughly. He toweled himself off and stood in front of the mirror again, wiping away the condensation with his hand. He pulled his shaving kit from under the sink and lathered his face with some fancy shaving cream that had been a gift from the same ex-girlfriend as the boxer briefs. She was turning out to be a big help in this “going undercover at a BDSM club” adventure. Having shaved, he washed his face again, and applied his aftershave. He heard Hannibal’s voice in his head: *smells like something with a ship on the bottle* . He wondered what Hannibal would think of him clean shaven. *Nope, nope, don’t think about that.* His hands shaking, he got dressed and exited the bathroom.

Beverly was in the kitchen nursing a glass of whiskey. She looked completely different. Her hair was pulled up into a high ponytail, and she had done her makeup - a simple black cat eye liner and bold red lip. She wore a sleek black dress - sleeveless and ending mid-thigh - and black high-heeled booties decorated with silver chains. On her left bicep was a slim silver cuff with a single circle detail. “I know you’re the one going undercover, but I wanted to be there for you. We can’t look like we’re together, because I’m a regular and everyone knows I work for the FBI, so it would be a bit suspicious. But I’ll be there, and now you know what I’m wearing, so you’ll easily be able to find me if you get in trouble.” He nodded and smiled, “Thanks, Beverly.”

She handed him a glass and he took a sip. “Oh, this is good. This isn’t mine.” She laughed, “No, I brought my own. I know the swill you drink.” She reached up and touched his face, “You look like such a baby! What a difference a shave makes.” He blushed and she laughed, giving his face a little slap.

“Listen, I know this stuff is out of your area of expertise, so I brought a bunch of different things to show you, if you want, so you can have a sense of some things you might see and you don’t stick out like a sore thumb.” She pulled the duffle bag up from the floor onto the counter and opened it. Will glanced inside, but shook his head. “No, uh, uhm, I did a lot of research, when we first figured out stuff about the case, uhm, just well, I figured I’d need to know what the killer was doing exactly, and that having a sense of some of the different, uhm, *things* might be helpful, but uh, no, I’m good, no need to show me.”

She hesitated before zipping up the bag. “Okay, if you’re sure. I’m going to head straight from here to the club, you might want to wait a bit so we don’t arrive at the same time. Again, I’ll be there for you and looking out, but it’s best if we don’t interact so people don’t get suspicious.” He nodded, “Okay, uhm, thanks again, Bev. Seriously.” She smiled, “Of course. That’s what friends are for. See you soon, baby Graham.”

And with that she was gone, and Will was left with nothing but his worries and a half empty glass.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Will goes to his first BDSM club.

Break Me Down

Chapter Summary

Will goes undercover. The night does not end as planned.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a bit longer, but I promise the end is worth sticking around for! Thank you to everyone who has read, commented, and left kudos! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will finished his drink, let the dogs out to pee one more time, and fed them. He paced anxiously for 10 minutes before he could make himself grab his wallet, keys, and phone. He then stood at the front door for another 5 minutes. Eventually, he forced himself to get into his car. He sat there for another 5 minutes before putting the keys in the ignition.

The victims had attended three different BDSM clubs: Discord, Fable, and Mass. Since two of the four victims had Discord stamps, they decided to start at one the other clubs, assuming the killer was going between the three. Jack had decided Will should start at Fable. He typed the address into his phone with shaking fingers. He so was not ready for this.

A little over an hour later, he was parked a block from the club. He got out and walked around the block a few times, before finally forcing himself to approach the club. He took a deep breath and approached the doorman. After showing his ID, he received his blacklight reactive stamp - an uppercase F wrapped in a vine and in a font reminiscent of a drop cap in an old tome.

He headed down a dark hall and into the club with a shaky breath. Once inside, he stepped to the side to give himself time to take in the space. Along the front wall near the entrance was the bar. It was made of dark wood and had gold flecks in the black marble bar top. Along the two side walls there were a total of six U-shaped booths made of black leather. There were small tables at these booths, but most of the area was open. Along the back wall there were three St. Andrew’s crosses. In the center of the club, there was a small stage and three circular booths made of the same black leather and littered with green velvet pillows. In the center of the circular booths were round platform tables made of some kind of shiny black material. His eyes flitted about without focusing on anyone or what they were doing.

He headed straight to the bar. Even though he was undercover and should keep a clear head, he was already starting to feel overwhelmed, and he was going to need a drink to get through

this. He ordered a whiskey and moved towards the end of the bar, where he could observe the entire room.

As he sipped his whiskey, he allowed himself to take in the people in the club and observe their activities. He decided to start with the U-shaped booths, thinking to himself they may be relatively tame in comparison to some of the other areas. He wasn't expecting how much things that may be relatively tame to this crowd would have a large effect on him. In the U-shaped booth closest to the entrance along the left wall, there was a man in a suit resting his feet on another man wearing dark jeans and no shirt. He immediately imagined himself and Hannibal in their places, the weight of Hannibal's shoes on his back. His breath left him and his cock stirred.

Fuck, this was going to be a long night. He downed the rest of his whiskey and pulled his eyes to the next booth. There were several people sitting in this booth, all dressed fairly well, suits and dresses for all of them. By each person sitting, there was an equally well dressed person kneeling with their hands behind their backs. His mind filled with dead men in similar poses. He winced, and ordered another drink. In booth three, he found Beverly. She laughed at something the person next to her had said, and then reached to grab her drink. Will noticed the drink was *not* on one of the provided tables, but rather a young woman's back as she knelt on hands and knees in front of Beverly. As Beverly grabbed her drink, she looked around the room, made eye contact with Will, and winked. He tipped his glass to her quickly, blushing. *Okay, deep breaths.*

No one was currently at the back wall and the three St. Andrew's crosses. Will couldn't help but sigh in relief. He didn't know if he could handle seeing those in use just yet. In the first U-shaped booth on the right wall, there was a group of people just sitting, drinking, and chatting. Will let out a huff, laughing at himself for his panic. Of course there would be people here just spending time with friends. This was just a club, even if it did have a very particular theme.

The second booth on that wall was empty, and the third held a single person. It was a man with sandy brown hair cut short. His face was clean shaven and he had a broad jaw. He was wearing a black three piece suit with a simple black tie. He was quite handsome, and he certainly had an air of dominance around him. He watched the room intently, and then as though he felt Will's eyes on him, he glanced to Will and smiled. His smile was a bit lopsided, but it held it's charms. The man raised his glass to Will, and Will blushed and returned the gesture. He looked away quickly after that, and focused on the three large circular booths in the center of the room.

One of them was occupied exclusively by people in various amounts of latex, and on the round table in between them, there was a person in a full latex suit with what looked to be horns coming from the hood. The second table held a young woman in a school girl outfit, the skirt was flipped up, and those at the booth were taking turns spanking her. Will blushed at the sight and moved his eyes quickly to table three, which was currently empty, though a group of people sat in the booth and were beginning to pull coils of rope from their bags. Will watched in interest as two people - one with short hair and one with long hair - got up on the table, sitting facing each other. The one with short hair placed their legs over the one with long hair, and two others began tying their legs together with the rope.

Will was so caught up in watching the people being tied together that he didn't realize the sandy-haired man from the booth was approaching him. "Can I buy you a drink?" The words startled Will and he pulled his eyes from the rope table to the man in front of him. "Sorry, I was off somewhere," he started, glancing down at his glass, half full. He had a decision to make. He needed to stay under cover, and interacting with people was part of that. And it didn't hurt that this man was fairly attractive…he groaned internally. *Okay, okay, you're taking too long, make a choice!* He downed his glass, and met the man's eyes, "Yeah, sure, thank you."

Drinks in hand, they made their way back to the booth the man had been occupying. "I'm Mark. I don't think I've seen you here before. I come here pretty regularly. Is this your first time?" Will looked out at that room, rather than looking at the man. "Will. Uhm, yeah, my friend told me about it. She's been trying to get me out more." The man's eyes were glued to Will. "You should tell your friend thank you for me." Will blushed and glanced at Mark. He hid his smile in his glass, then looked back towards what was happening in the room, rather than continuing to look at Mark.

"See anything out there of interest, Will?" "Oh, uh, I don't know. Sorry, I'm a bit nervous. I've uh, well it's just been a while since I've been out anywhere." Mark slid closer to Will in the booth. He placed his hand on Will's cheek and moved his face away from the room and towards himself. "Focus on me for now. We can explore what's out there in a moment." Will wanted to recoil from the touch, but he felt frozen. He just nodded. Mark's thumb slid across Will's cheek and then he removed his hand. Will's brain came back online, and he scrambled out of the booth. "I'm sorry, uh, look, I shouldn't have come here, I have to go, thanks for the drink," and he fled.

What the fuck was happening? Why had he frozen like that? And why was he panicking now? He needed to get out of here, now. He needed to go home . He walked quickly to his car, his breathing ratcheting up to a full blown panic. He was so fucked. How was he going to find this killer when he couldn't handle one single conversation with someone.

He got into his car and started driving. His mind was racing as he tried to calm his breathing. He drove without thinking. Home, he wanted to go home. He blinked and realized he was no longer driving, but parked. Why was he in front of Hannibal's house?

******

Hannibal had finished dinner and was in his study reading when he heard someone pull into his driveway. He set down his glass of brandy and went to the front door to see who was there. He was quite surprised to see Will's car. He waited several minutes for Will to come to the door, but he never heard the car door open. Hannibal opened the front door to get a better look. Will was sitting in his car, quite obviously in distress. Hannibal walked to the car and knocked gently on the window.

Will blinked and seemed to only just realize where he was. He rolled the window down. "Uhm, hi. Sorry, I don't know why I'm here. I was at the club, undercover, and I panicked and left, and I was trying to go home, but I ended up here." Something warm and possessive inside Hannibal stirred at those words. Will had been thinking of home and ended up in Hannibal's driveway? That made him very happy indeed. Trying not to smile, Hannibal

replied, “That’s quite alright. Would you like to come in? We can discuss what made you panic, or we can avoid the topic.” Will nodded and kept nodding. “Uhm, yeah, yeah, okay.”

Once they were inside, Hannibal led Will to the study. Will sank into one of the chairs by the fire. “Would you like anything to drink?” Hannibal asked. Will shook his head. “Uhm, no, thank you, I probably shouldn’t have even driven here. I’ve had a few drinks already.” Hannibal raised an eyebrow at that. “Drinking on the job?” he quipped. Will huffed a laugh, “Yeah, well, I needed some liquid courage.”

“What’s brought you to my door, Will?”

Will looked at Hannibal, really let himself look at Hannibal. His eyes moved over his sharp cheekbones, his slicked ash hair, his top lip that looked so damn kissable. He closed his eyes against the thoughts rushing to the surface. *Deep breath in, deep breath out* . He opened his eyes again. “I panicked,” he said simply. “Yes, you mentioned you had panicked at the club. What led to this panic?” Hannibal pushed. Will’s lips tightened, he ran his hands through his hair.

“There was a guy. Um, he bought me a drink, and then we were talking and I don’t know, he touched me. He touched my face and he told me to focus on him, and I just shut down. It’s like my brain turned off and I couldn’t do anything but listen to what he said. And I hated it. No, I didn’t actually. I liked it, but I hated it too. Because, *fuck* .” He paused, pulling on his hair, closing his eyes, and then opening them and looking directly at Hannibal. “I want to listen. I want to do what I’m told. But he’s not the one I want to listen to.”

Hannibal went through several emotions as Will spoke. Jealousy sparked in his gut at the thought of someone else touching Will, of Will following orders of someone else. But as Will continued, Hannibal became curious where this was headed. When Will made eye contact with him, he felt electrocuted. His desire to have Will submit to him became a physical presence in the room, smothering him. “Who do you want to listen to, Will?” he prompted, voice low and dark.

Will took a shuddering breath, but didn’t break eye contact. “You, Hannibal. I want to listen to you.”

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Will listens to Hannibal.

I Need A Fix

Chapter Summary

Will listens to Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

No beta, please forgive any errors. Thank you all so much for the hits, kudos, and comments! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You, Hannibal. I want to listen to you."

The silence stretched between them, the words seeming to ricochet around the room. Will had just started to second guess himself, when Hannibal stood from his chair and walked over to Will. He kneeled in front of him, and took his hands. "Will," he breathed, Will's name sounding like a prayer from his lips. Hannibal brought his hands to Will's face, and Will felt like he had caught on fire. This was so much better than Mark touching his face. Hannibal's thumb stroked over Will's cheek, erasing any memory of Mark's touch, and Will let out a small whimper.

Hannibal smiled, his sharp teeth catching the fire's light, before leaning in closer. He stopped, an inch away from Will's lips, and the space between them crackled. They breathed in each other's breath for a few moments, before Will closed the gap and pressed his lips against Hannibal's. The kiss was gentle and sweet, and Will felt like he was melting. He let out a small moan, and Hannibal began to kiss him with more fervor, sneaking his tongue into Will's mouth and nipping at his lips. They kissed like that, with Will sitting in his chair and Hannibal kneeling before him, for what felt like hours.

Eventually, Hannibal pulled away and laughed quietly at the pout that formed on Will's mouth at the loss. He gave Will another gentle kiss, before pulling himself up and standing over Will. One of his hands kept hold of Wills', while the other came to rest gently in his curls. Will's breath caught in his throat as he looked up at Hannibal. "I've wanted to taste your lips since the moment I laid eyes on you, Will," Hannibal said, smiling down at him. Will blushed, and Hannibal thought of how he might render that beautiful pink flush in a drawing.

"When you say you want to listen to me, tell me more precisely what you want, Will."

“I don’t know,” Will said, beginning to fidget. Hannibal tightened his grip in Will’s hair, and Will let out a soft breath and stopped fidgeting. “This isn’t something I’ve done before. I’ve thought about submission for a long time, and I’ve thought about submitting to you for weeks, months maybe. But I’ve never done anything like this. I want to do what you want me to do. I want to be good for you.”

Hannibal smiled and moved his hand from Will’s hair to his cheek, rubbing it softly. “I don’t doubt that you would be excellent for me, Will.” He withdrew from Will and moved back to his chair and sat down. Will’s stomach plummeted, worrying he had done something wrong. “I want to discuss with you more about your desires and limits, and I think we should do that without touching. I don’t want your judgement clouded.” Will nodded and let out a soft, “Okay.”

“So you said you’ve never done this before. Does that mean you’ve never engaged in any aspect of BDSM?” Will shook his head, “No. I’ve looked things up, and uhm, watched porn with this stuff in it, but I’ve never done anything myself. I brought it up with an ex-girlfriend once, and she wasn’t interested.” He blushed again. Hannibal hmm’d and looked like he wanted to ask more about that, but he didn’t. Instead he asked, “And what kinds of things are you drawn to, in your looking things up and watching porn?” Will’s face was on fire now, hearing Hannibal say the word porn. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes before responding, pushing the words out quickly, “Uhm, kneeling and being on display, being used, bondage, impact play, knife play, those sorts of things.”

“Look at me, Will.” He opened his eyes and met Hannibal’s. His irises had shrunk to small rings, eaten by his pupils, and he was looking at Will with open desire. “I’d like to explore those things with you, and perhaps some others, if you would be open to it. However, I’d like to start slow, since you are new, and I don’t want to push your boundaries. Do you have things you know are off limits for you?” Will shook his head. “Okay, that’s something we’ll explore together. Before introducing anything new, I want to discuss it with you and get your input. You stated you want to do anything I want of you, but I never want you to do something you truly wish to avoid just because you are trying to please me. I will certainly push you and ask you to do things that make you uncomfortable, but if something comes up that is truly a hard limit for you, I expect you to tell me.” Will nodded, unsure he could speak.

“Would you be open to trying a few things with me tonight?” Hannibal inquired. Will nodded his head enthusiastically. “Use your words, Will,” Hannibal said, firm but gentle. “Yes, please.”

“I’m going to have you kneel for me. Stand up and take a few steps forward, then kneel, with your hands behind your back.” Will stood and dropped to the position he had seen in so many videos online. Hannibal stood and moved towards him, walking all the way around him. He repositioned Will’s arms slightly and told him to roll his shoulders back, before moving back to his chair. “I want you to look straight ahead, and keep your eyes on me. I’m going to continue to read, but anytime I look up, I should be able to make eye contact with you.”

Fuck . Okay, okay, I can do this. I can do this for Hannibal, Will thought. The kneeling wasn’t a problem. He felt good here, in this position for Hannibal. Hannibal glanced up from his book every few minutes, his eyes meeting Will’s, and each time Will blushed and had the

urge to look away. On the fourth time, he slipped, his eyes glancing down and away from Hannibal's. "Will," he said sternly, and Will brought his eyes back up to Hannibal's. "Strike one," Hannibal said with a glimmer in his eyes. Will gulped.

This continued on for sometime, Will kneeling and Hannibal forcing eye contact. At one point, Will started to feel a bit spaced out, and his posture slipped a bit. Hannibal was on his feet, and moving towards Will to correct the posture in second. "Strike two," he whispered in Will's ear before moving back to his seat. Will tried to be good, but after some time, his knees began to ache, and he shifted around a bit. "Strike three, Will," Hannibal said, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Stand and come here." It took Will a moment to be able to get up on his feet and make his way to Hannibal. Hannibal spread his legs wide, and pulled the back of Will's thigh, urging him to move closer. Keeping his hand on Will's thigh, he looked up at Will. "You've done quite well, Will, but you've had to be corrected three times. To make sure those corrections stick with you, I'm going to give you nine spankings, three for each correction. Does that sound fair?" Will nodded, his stomach turning in knots and his heart beating faster. "Words, Will." "Yes," he let out with a breath. "I'm going to put you over my knee. We're going to keep you clothed for today, but future corrections for the same errors will require a bare bottom." Will's face burned in embarrassment and excitement. His cock was definitely interested in what Hannibal was saying.

Hannibal grabbed Will's waist and positioned him over his knee. "I want you to count the spankings out loud for me, Will," Hannibal said softly, his voice closer to Will's ear than he expected. Will nodded, then remembering Hannibal's insistence on him using his words, replied meekly, "Okay."

The first hit from Hannibal was much harder than he had been expecting. He had thought it wouldn't hurt much through his pants, but he felt quite the sting. "One," he breathed. The second hit came to the other cheek, and he could feel his cock growing harder. "Two," and a soft moan. Hannibal continued alternating from one cheek to the other, and Will kept up his count, his cock growing harder with each hit.

After the sixth hit, Will rocked his hips against Hannibal's legs, and let out another moan. Hannibal snaked his hair into Will's hair and pulled. "Now, now, Will. No moving. This is supposed to be a punishment. I think I'll be adding another for that." Seven and eight followed in quick succession, and Will groaned around the words, trying to keep himself still. He was rock hard, and he could feel precum gathering at the tip. Nine was the hardest hit yet, and Will let out a soft whimper. "One more to go, my beautiful boy," Hannibal whispered in his ear. The tenth hit was even harder than the ninth, and Will tried hard to swallow the moan that escaped around his breathy, "Ten."

Hannibal moved Will so that he was sitting in his lap face to face, with Will's legs wrapped around Hannibal's back. He placed his hands on either side of Will's face and gave him a gentle kiss. "You did so well for me, Will. You took those beautifully. I think you deserve a reward." He put one arm around Will, his hand splayed against his back. The other hand he moved down from Will's face, traveling over his throat and his chest, to the very obvious tent in his pants.

He grasped Will's cock through his pants. Will cried out and bucked against Hannibal's hand. Hannibal then began moving his hand slowly up and down along the length of Will's cock, and Will whimpered. "Please, hnn, Hannibal, please." "What do you need, my dear Will?" "More, faster." Hannibal complied, grasping Will slightly tighter and moving his hand faster. Will was panting and thrusting his hips in time with Hannibal's movements. "Good boy, such a good boy for me, Will," Hannibal said, his voice low and rough with desire. At those words, Will cried out, and came in his pants. The pleasure came in waves, and he felt like he'd never stop. Slowly, Hannibal released Will's cock and wrapped both arms around him tightly, pulling him to his chest. Will shook and panted and grasped at Hannibal's shirt. Hannibal littered small kisses into Will's hair, as he rubbed his back and murmured things to him that Will didn't fully hear or understand.

Once Will had come down from his orgasm, he pushed himself slightly off Hannibal's chest to look at him. "Thank you," he said softly. "You're quite welcome, my sweet boy." Will leaned forward and kissed him, soft and sweet. Hannibal made a soft noise of approval, and Will smiled into the kiss. He pulled back, about to say something else, but then there was a fast knock on the door, followed by the sound of the doorbell ringing, and another knock.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: The case continues. Will struggles with submission.

Put Me Through Hell Again

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go undercover together.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the delay in getting this chapter up. My mental health has been crap. Thank you for all the support via hits, kudos, bookmarks, and comments <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will scrambled off Hannibal's lap and panic washed over him. Hannibal stood and took Will's face in his hands. "Breathe, Will," he said softly. He gave him a kiss on the forehead and pointed down the hall. "Go to the bathroom and clean up a bit. I'll answer the door."

Will practically ran to the bathroom. He grabbed the hand towel hanging by the sink as he turned on the hot water. He undid his pants and tried to wipe away the come. He was only mildly successful. He took a deep breath and looked around the bathroom. *No Febreeze. Of course Hannibal wouldn't put Febreeze out. Fuck* . Then he noticed the mirror was a medicine cabinet. Pulling it open, he looked through the items and found a small bottle of cologne. It would have to do. He zipped his pants back up and spritzed the cologne on his groin a few times, hoping the smell would mask the smell of his come. Hannibal would still be able to smell it, but Hannibal had a better sense of smell than his freaking dogs!

Making his way back to the study, he groaned as he heard Jack's booming voice. He slid into the study as Jack said, "He has to grow up and do his job!" Will's stomach fell, his face burned, and shame pricked in his eyes. Hannibal's face was stony, but softened a bit as he looked to Will. Jack turned with the shift in Hannibal's attention. "Will! There you are. You scared the shit out of Beverly, running off like that. We all tried calling you and no one got through. We were worried something had happened, but then we traced your phone to Dr. Lecter's home. You can't run off in the middle of a job like that. Beverly said you barely spoke to one person. You decided to go undercover. You have to stay undercover and do the job."

Will nodded, "I'm sorry, Jack. I just panicked."

Hannibal cleared his throat and moved to stand slightly between Will and Jack. "Will told me he began panicking when he was approached by someone at the club who propositioned him. Perhaps I should go with Will to the next club. It might make him more at ease to be with

someone familiar, and I could interact with others on Will's behalf while he observes. While I am known at these establishments, my work life, particularly my FBI consultation, is not well-known, like it is with Ms. Katz. It might be easier for Will to examine the behaviors of those in the room if he was not worried about having to interact with them." Jack reflected for a moment before looking back to Will. "Well, what do you think?" Will nodded his head, but refused to look at Jack. Jack let out a huff. "Okay, tomorrow night, you both are headed to Mass."

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They arrived separately at the club, Will needing the feeling of independence driving brought him. They had decided that Will would publicly submit to Hannibal, as this would reduce the likelihood of anyone trying to speak to Will directly. While to the rest of the team this was a cover, for Will and Hannibal it was a quick progression of a relationship that had only just begun. Will felt sick. He had just accepted his desire to submit to Hannibal, and now he was going to be on display as Hannibal's *pet* or something.

He met Hannibal a block away, as they had agreed. Hannibal pulled Will close, his nose buried in Will's hair. "I know you're nervous, and I know this is a lot very quickly. If you need to leave at any point, just tell me." He kissed Will's temple, and Will turned his face to receive a kiss on the lips. God kissing Hannibal was amazing. His nerves receded a bit, burnt out by his desire for Hannibal. Will kissed him greedily, pushing his tongue into Hannibal's mouth and biting at his lips. Hannibal let out a small laugh and pulled back. "As much as I want to continue standing here and kissing you, I think Uncle Jack is expecting Beverly to report our arrival soon." Will sighed and nodded, and they headed to the club.

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There were some similarities between Mass and Fable, but the overall feel was quite different. While Fable had earthy tones and open areas, Mass was dripping in red paint and fabrics and there was lots of separation between different areas of the club. Hannibal had explained the layout to him the night before. There was the main room with a bar, several high backed booths, and a small center stage with a single St. Andrew's cross. There was then a hallway with several large stalls set up to mimic confessionals. This hallway then led to a second room which held a second bar and a dance floor. This room was lined with pews for seating and antique mirrors adorned the walls. It would be a good place to observe lots of people at once.

The night before, they had discussed how they were going to interact. They had agreed that Will would fulfill a fairly stereotypical submissive role, although Hannibal had agreed to this only after much pushing from Will. Hannibal would prefer to have Will be him true self, not a contrived version of himself. As they entered Will kept a few steps behind Hannibal, with his head down, though his eyes flitted over everything in their surroundings, trying to take in who was there and what they were doing. Hannibal led them through the front room and down the hall of confessionals. Before entering the dance room, Hannibal paused and pulled Will into one of the confessional stalls.

He cupped Will's face, tipping it up and forcing Will to make eye contact with him. "Promise me you'll tell me if you need to stop or leave." Will nodded. "Words, Will." "I promise."

Hannibal leaned in and kissed him, slow and sweet. Will clung to Hannibal and let out a little moan, but then pulled back. “We should head out there, Beverly is supposed to check in with Jack soon.” Hannibal let out a sigh and nodded.

They moved into the dance room, Will following behind Hannibal. Hannibal walked with purpose, across the dance floor - which was fairly empty as it was early in the night - and into one of the far corners. He sat in one of the pews in the corner, and Will sank to his knees on the floor beside Hannibal’s right leg. Hannibal ran his hand through Will’s hair and leaned over and whispered in his ear, “You look lovely on your knees, Will.” Will blushed but didn’t move. “Beverly is at the bar, and she has seen us, so I’m sure she’s reported to Jack. Go fetch me a drink. Indicate it’s for me and they’ll know what to serve you.”

Will stood and made his way to the bar. His mind was swirling. He wanted to be doing these things with Hannibal, but not like this. He took the time to look around. He noticed a few familiar faces. Beverly, obviously. He saw Mark and blushed, thinking about what meeting him had led to. He also saw the man who had been in a suit using another man as a footstool. Tonight he was alone, dressed in a similar suit. He didn’t recognize anyone else, so he tried to catalogue everyone’s faces. He could watch them from his place at Hannibal’s feet. At the bar, he mentioned Hannibal’s name and the bartender immediately left to fetch Hannibal’s drink.

While he waited, Mark approached him. “Will?” he said, leaning his hip against the bar. “Mark, hi,” Will replied. “I’m so sorry if I was out of line last night. You left so quickly.” “No, I’m sorry. It wasn’t you, uhm, going to Fable and talking with you, it made me realize I had feelings for someone else,” he glanced to Hannibal and Mark followed his eyeline. “Well he’s quite a lucky man,” Mark replied. Will blushed as the bartender came back with Hannibal’s drink. “I have to get back,” Will said.

Will made his way across the room to Hannibal, handing him his drink before sinking back to his knees. Hannibal snaked his hand into Will’s hair and pulled it lightly, leaning in and asking Will, “Who's your friend, Will?” Will let out a soft breath at the feel of Hannibal pulling at his curls. “Mark, he’s the one I met last night at Fable.” Hannibal hmm’d and released Will’s hair. “Bring your left hand up, Will”. Will did so and Hannibal deposited his drink into Will’s open hand. “Hold this,” he said as he stood and walked away. Will’s stomach did flips. He could see Hannibal speaking briefly with Mark, and then the two of them moved together back towards Will.

Hannibal took his seat, and Mark took the seat beside him. Will fidgeted, Hannibal’s drink sloshing. Hannibal placed his hand on the back of Will’s neck, and Will stopped moving. Mark let out a soft laugh, “He’s a beautiful thing, Hannibal, you’re lucky to get to break him in.” Will felt a surge of anger at the insinuation that he needed breaking in and a rush of desire at the idea of Hannibal doing so.

Hannibal and Mark continued conversing, but Will tuned them out as he looked around the room, trying to get a sense of those who were here. Hannibal kept his hand on Will’s neck, and he found it grounding. The suited guy he had seen at Fable was now chatting with a young man in dark jeans and a white button down. Beverly was still at the bar, chatting with

the young woman who she had used as a table the night before. The dance floor was starting to fill with people, and the music poured from the speakers.

Over the music, he could hear a sharp thwacking noise. He glanced across the dance floor to see a blonde woman in a tight red dress standing in front of the pew across from them. She held a black riding crop in her hand, and she was hitting a middle aged man who had his back to the room as he leaned over the pew. He watched as she brought the crop down against the man's back. Will's breath caught at the sound and the pink welt immediately visible on his skin. He made a little noise in his throat, and Hannibal's thumb moved slightly on his neck. Will's head moved slightly towards Hannibal and his eyes glanced upwards to his face. Hannibal's eyes were dark and Will could tell Hannibal had been following his train of thought. "Eyes forward, Will," he said gently.

He turned his eyes forward, but he couldn't focus on anything but Hannibal's hand on his neck and his voice as he continued talking with Mark. He wanted to leave, he wanted Hannibal to hurt him, to mark him. He fidgeted again, this time almost dropping Hannibal's glass completely. Hannibal's hand moved from Will's neck into his hair, and he pulled. His lips brushed the curve of Will's ear as he said, "Will, that's strike three."

A panic gripped Will. He wanted Hannibal to hurt him, but not here, not like this, at least not so soon. He started shaking his head quickly and began trembling all over. Hannibal's hand shifted, no longer grasping Will's hair, but stroking. He heard Hannibal speaking, but couldn't make out anything he heard. He felt the air around him shift and realized Mark had moved away from them.

Hannibal stood and moved in front of Will, stooping down and placing his hands on Will's face. "Will, look at me." Will raised his eyes, but they were unfocused. "Will, I'm sorry," he said, running his fingers against Will's jaw. Will slowly focused on Hannibal, realizing the position they were in. He shifted, pushing himself up onto the pew. Hannibal stood fully, keeping his hands on Will's face. "Take me home," Will eventually said, his voice shaking. Hannibal nodded, intertwined their hands, and moved them towards the exit.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Hannibal takes Will home. Then Will decides to go undercover alone.

Make Me A Mess Again

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will home.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for your patience. I am so sorry I was gone for so long. My life fell apart in a lot of different ways all at once, including two surgeries! I hope to get back to this regularly, with one chapter a week until we are done! This chapter was originally going to be a lot longer and a lot sexier, but I personally needed some soft dom Hannibal and emotional wreck Will, so that's what you get! Sexier stuff + plot progression coming in the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will fell asleep in the car. He awoke to Hannibal shaking him lightly, saying his name in a soft but firm tone. Coming to, he looked around, confused. Hannibal had brought him to Wolf Trap. Will opened his mouth to speak, but his throat caught. Clearing his throat, he looked to his house and then to Hannibal. Finally he managed, “I thought you’d take me to your house.” Hannibal tried not to smile at that, but he failed a little bit. “I’m sorry, Will. You asked me to take you home and I assumed you meant here. I can take us back to Baltimore if you prefer.” Will shook his head. He needed Hannibal to be touching him and soon, and the thought of spending an hour in the car before that could happen made his stomach knot painfully. “Here is fine, um, well, if you’re okay being here.” Hannibal nodded slightly and opened his car door.

Once the dogs made their way out of the house and the two men made their way in, Will was struck by the fact that he had not cleaned in, well, a while. His face burned as he watched Hannibal look around. He knew Hannibal had been here before, but he’d never watched Hannibal being here before. Hannibal only glanced around briefly though, before his eyes fell back to Will.

“I want to apologize, Will. I pushed you too hard tonight. You are new to this, and our first time in public was not what either of us would have preferred. I apologize for not reading the signs sooner and backing off my commands.” Will started shaking his head after the first sentence. *No, no, no, no, Hannibal was perfect, it was him that messed up!* His voice was stuck in his throat though, and all he could do was shake his head. Hannibal stepped towards him and slid his hand into Will’s curls, stopping the movement of his head. His voice low, he said, “Let’s get you ready for bed. You must be exhausted.”

Will was confused. He had three strikes. Hannibal should be punishing him, not being so gentle with him and not getting him ready for bed! As Hannibal moved towards Will's dresser and began pulling out a t-shirt and a pair of boxers, Will found his voice. "Wait, um, I thought, well, I thought you'd punish me. I had three strikes." Hannibal paused what he was doing, setting the clothing on the top of the dresser and moving to stand in front of Will. Taking his hands, he kissed Will's knuckles lightly. "I overwhelmed you tonight. You don't need punishment, you need to be cared for."

Will felt tears sting in his eyes. He felt weak, he felt like he let Hannibal down. "No," he said, trying not to let his emotions come through in his voice. "I need you to punish me." Hannibal didn't speak for several minutes, but stood considering Will and his request. Eventually, he moved his hand to cup Will's cheek and said, "Will, you were perfect tonight. You responded beautifully to my requests, you were observant, and you expressed interest in a new thing you want to try. I'm proud of you. You had three strikes, but I am in charge, and I decide what that means." The tears broke from Will's eyes and slid down his cheek, landing on Hannibal's searching thumb. Hannibal withdrew his hand, brought it to his own mouth, and tasted Will's tear before he continued speaking. "I think you want punishment because you fear that you have disappointed me, but I promise you, you have not. However, I do think some grounding may do us both some good. Would you like me to spank you?" Will nodded enthusiastically, but Hannibal chided, "Words, William." Will ceased nodding and let out a faint, "Yes, please."

Hannibal moved to Will's bed and took a seat. "Undress, Will. Down to your underwear, but keep those on." Will toed out of his shoes and then began undressing himself with shaky hands. Once he was down to his underwear - the black briefs he had worn the night before - he stood in front of Hannibal with his arms crossed behind his back. "You're beautiful, Will," Hannibal said, reaching for him. He ran his hands up Will's bare sides, before tugging Will closer to him. "I'm going to put you over my lap, and I'm going to give you five hits. I want you to count them for me. If you need me to stop, just say stop and I will." "Okay," Will said and allowed himself to be dragged over Hannibal's lap.

This spanking felt drastically different from the spanking in Hannibal's study. The pain level was different - he wasn't wearing pants this time and he was pretty sure Hannibal was using a firmer hand than last time - but the emotional charge in the room also shifted the experience drastically. Will was crying after the third hit. After the fifth hit, Hannibal pulled Will into a tight hug, and Will cried into his neck for what felt like hours. Hannibal soothed him, running his hands through Will's hair and across his bare back, whispering things in his ear in a language Will couldn't understand.

Eventually, Will's tears stopped, and Hannibal pulled back a bit to look at him. "You did so well for me, mylimasis." He smiled, beaming with pride, and kissed Will gently. Will felt like jelly, worn out from the crying, but he leaned into Hannibal's kiss, hungirly licking into his mouth and running his teeth over Hannibal's top lip. Hannibal chuckled and pulled back. "As much as I desire you, Will, I think perhaps we should sleep. I want anything further between us to happen when we both have clear minds." Will let out a soft whine, but he knew Hannibal was right. He was exhausted. "Will you stay with me?" he asked sheepishly. "Of course," Hannibal responded and gave him another sweet kiss. "Let's get you up and in your sleep clothes. I will take care of the dogs while you do anything you need to do to prepare for

sleep, and then we will return here and rest together." Will nodded and got up from Hannibal's lap.

Ten minutes later, Will was in the boxers and t-shirt that Hannibal had chosen earlier and Hannibal was stripped down to his boxer briefs. Will nervously stood at the edge of the bed. "I - it's smaller than yours, and I'm sure not as comfortable. I'm sorry." Hannibal let out a soft shhing noise, got into the bed, and pulled Will after him. He held Will close, running his hands softly over Will's back, and began telling him a bedtime story. Will was asleep before he really knew what was happening.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Will wakes up craving Hannibal, and then makes a decision that puts him at risk.

I Miss The Fire

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal enjoy their morning together. Will goes back into the field.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this has been so delayed. I'm not doing well. I hope this makes up for it. No beta and hardly edited so sorry for any errors. Thank you for all the kudos, comments, bookmarks, views, and especially for your patience.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke the next morning with the sunlight streaming in the windows. He panicked at first, feeling an arm around him, but he gentled as he remembered it was Hannibal. He lay there with his eyes closed, feeling Hannibal pressing against him. His mind flitted over the events of last evening, and he blushed remembering how he had cried in Hannibal's arms. He wasn't used to being vulnerable with people, and he couldn't remember a single time he had ever been emotionally open like that around another man. But Hannibal pulled it out of him.

He sighed, pushing himself back against Hannibal, wanting to feel closer. As he pushed back, he felt Hannibal's cock, hard and pressing against the curve of his ass. He smiled to himself, and shifted a few times. "Will," Hannibal warned, voice low and gravely. Will let out a soft laugh and turned to face Hannibal. Will's breath caught as he looked at Hannibal. He knew Hannibal was attractive, but here, in Will's bed with the sunlight playing over his skin, Will could only describe him as beautiful. The sun glinted off his ashen hair that fell softly over his forehead. His skin seemed to almost glow, reflecting and multiplying the warmth of the rays. Will couldn't help himself - he needed to kiss Hannibal right this moment. He pressed hungry lips against Hannibal's, and Hannibal smiled against the kiss before opening his mouth and running his tongue along Will's lips. Will opened to him, and they spent more than a few minutes just exploring each other's mouths.

But it wasn't enough. Will needed more of Hannibal. He brought his hand tentatively between them, touching Hannibal's hip and then slowly moving his hand across Hannibal's cock. Hannibal moaned and bucked his hips lightly against the palm of Will's hand. "Will," he breathed. "Hannibal, I want to…" he stopped, blushing and glanced down at his hand on Hannibal's cock. Hannibal followed Will's gaze, then moved to slide off his boxer briefs. He was fully naked now, and Will froze, taking every inch of him in.

After a few minutes, his brain kicked back on and he reached out again, touching Hannibal's bare cock gently. Hannibal let out a soft huff and rolled onto his back, pulling Will so that he was straddling his legs. Will could fully see Hannibal in this position and had no issue touching any part of him. He kept one hand gently cupping Hannibal's cock and the other moved everywhere else - Hannibal's neck, the sharp jut of his collarbones, the growing peak of his nipples, the soft graying hair across his chest, the muscles taut across his stomach. Will was close to tears with the beauty of him. He bent down and kissed Hannibal again, shimmying off his own underwear as he did so.

Once he kicked his boxers fully off, he readjusted himself over Hannibal, lining up their cocks. Hannibal watched him, lips parted and pupils dilated - the maroon warmth almost eaten entirely by black. Will was slow and clumsy at first, his hips jerking as he grasped their cocks together in his hand. As he felt his cock pressed against Hannibal's, Will let out a small hiss. It felt better than he ever could have imagined. His cock was leaking from the kissing earlier, and he swiped the precum between his fingers and used it to ease the friction between them. He panted, gripping tightly and pulling his cock against Hannibal's over and over. The tightness of his fist and the warmth of Hannibal's cock against his own sent him over the edge embarrassingly quickly. He moaned, coming across his fingers and Hannibal's cock. As soon as he stopped coming, Hannibal grabbed his hand, bringing Will's fingers to his mouth and licking them clean.

Will watched, enraptured, as Hannibal licked every inch of his fingers and palm. Hannibal locked eyes with him as he continued sucking gently on Will's hand. Will's heart beat wildly against his chest. This man was going to destroy him. He was sure of it. He'd do his best to break Hannibal apart in turn. As Hannibal released Will's hand, Will moved down Hannibal's body, settling between Hannibal's legs rather than sitting across his thighs. He began stroking Hannibal's cock again, and then looked directly into Hannibal's eyes as he brought his mouth down to lick at the tip of his cock. Hannibal moaned, his eyes sliding shut briefly. They didn't stay shut long though - Hannibal wanted to watch himself disappear into Will's mouth.

Will had never done this before, but he tried to stay steady, taking in just a little bit of Hannibal's cock at a time. He spent a while focusing on just the tip, running his tongue over the slit and sucking gently. He had imagined this so many times, and it was so much more intense and so much better than he could have hoped for. The taste of Hannibal's skin mixing with his precum and Will's own come was making Will's head spin. After spending a few minutes on the tip, Will began trying to take more of Hannibal into his mouth - sliding up and down, using his hand around whatever he couldn't swallow.

The mix of Will's saliva and come and Hannibal's precome made it so Will's hand slid easily and sloppily up and down, making obscene noises to match the sounds of his mouth. It wasn't long before Hannibal gripped his curls and let out a soft, "Will," in warning. Will sucked hard as he continued to pump his hand along the base of Hannibal's cock. He was rewarded with a mouthful of Hannibal's come, which he swallowed greedily, though messily. Some slipped from his lips and across his chin. Hannibal pulled him up with a growl and licked himself from Will's chin. Will laughed and let himself be cleaned as he tried to catch his breath.

Afterwards, Hannibal wrapped himself tightly around Will. Will wouldn't have guessed that Hannibal was someone who cuddled after sex, but he had an almost vicelike grip on Will and seemed to have no plans of letting him go anytime soon. Will was content to lie there, being smothered by Hannibal. He pressed his nose into Hannibal's neck, breathing in his scent and reveling in how quiet his mind was right now. The moment couldn't last forever though. He heard a soft woof behind him, and a scratch at the door. "I should let them out and feed them," Will mumbled against Hannibal's throat. Hannibal hmm'd and pressed his lips to Will's forehead. "Take care of the dogs, I'll start breakfast."

As they finished breakfast, Will's phone rang. It was Jack. There was another body, and on top of that Jack was pissed that Will had left the club before their agreed upon time. Luckily, it seems that Beverly had moved away from the dance room and hadn't seen Will's breakdown that led to them leaving early, so Jack only knew that they had left. Will made up a lie about a migraine, which Jack bought begrudgingly. "Get here as soon as you can," he commanded roughly and hung up on Will.

"I have to go to a crime scene," Will said, looking across the table to Hannibal. Hannibal took a second before responding, looking Will over. "Do you want me to come with you?" he eventually asked. "No, I don't think that's a good idea. And besides, you must have patients. Go, work, and I'll call you when I'm done. We can have dinner at your place." Hannibal nodded and started clearing the dishes. Will stood, helping Hannibal clean up.

Afterwards, they showered together, soapy hands leading to some extensive kissing and touching. Dried, cleaned, and dressed, Will let the dogs out one last time, and then Hannibal drove them into the city to fetch Will's car. As Will went to get out of the car, Hannibal pulled him into a long kiss, and then whispered softly, "Have a good day, mylimasis." Will blushed and mumbled, "You too," as he exited.

The crime scene was similar to the last one, but more extreme. The killer was definitely escalating. This time the cuts to the chest were done antemortem, not postmortem like the previous victims. This victim also had a stamp from Discord. "Seems like he's narrowed down his hunting ground," Beverly said. "Three of the six victims had Discord stamps." "Looks like we know where you're going next, Graham," said Zeller. Will sighed, nodding.

"Will, follow me," Jack commanded, leading them away from the rest of the crew. "Listen, Will, I need to know your head is in this. This guy is escalating. He's killing faster, and he's torturing them longer. We gotta catch this guy, and you need to be in the game!" Will nodded. "You're right, Jack, I'm sorry." Jack nodded, and patted Will awkwardly on the shoulder. "Do you want Lecter with you tonight at Discord?" Will thought about it for a second, then shook his head. While having Hannibal had meant the was better able to observe without worrying about people approaching him, his feelings for Hannibal and their developing dynamic was distracting and prevented him from fully seeing what he was there to see. "Alright, 8PM, Discord. We'll have people nearby for you to contact if you see anything. Beverly's out tonight, so it'll just be you in there with no eyes on you. Be careful in there, Graham."

Hannibal was not happy about Will going alone tonight. It took the entire hour they spent over dinner for Will to convince him he would be okay on his own. It seems Hannibal became very protective of him very quickly. Will blushed at the thought. He wasn't some damsel in distress, but it was nice having someone worry about him. He spent 10 minutes kissing Hannibal in apology before heading to Discord.

When Will arrived, it took him a while to get his bearings. There was a dance floor in the center that alternated between many different types of lighting, including strobe lights. Around the edge of the club were 10 booths in dark purple leather. There was one bar along the front wall and another, small bar along the back - both made of black with chrome accents and wrapped in purple neon lights. Next to the small bar on the back wall was a purple neon sign with the words "Discord" and "Harmony" written in large cursive letters. This place definitely felt more like a traditional dance club than the other two places. You almost wouldn't know it was a BDSM club, except for the two spanking benches below the neon sign and the BDSM gear worn by a majority of the patrons.

Will made his way to the back bar and ordered a drink. So far, no one was standing out to him. It was a bit early, and the lights were giving him a bit of a headache. He drank his whiskey and then ordered a water, wanting to keep his head on straight this time. As he drank his water, he made his way around the club, trying to glance into each booth area without being too obvious. Once he had made his way halfway around the club, he noticed the man who he saw the first night he went out to Fable who had been wearing a suit and using a man as a footstool. He'd also seen this man at Mass, so decided he might be worth checking out more.

The man was ordering a drink at the bar, so Will slid up beside him, placing his empty water glass down. The man glanced his way and smiled as he roamed his eye's up and down Will's body. "Can I get you a refill?" he asked, finally pulling his eyes back up to Will's. Will gave a soft smile and nodded. "I've seen you around a few other places, haven't I?" the guy asked. Will responded, "Maybe; I've been trying some different places out, trying to find a good fit." The guy nodded, "Yeah, yeah, me too. I've made my rounds. Discord's the best though, they get the vibe just right." Will didn't say anything, so the guy asked, "What's your drink?" "Oh, um, whiskey, rocks. Thank you." When the bartender came back with his drink, he ordered for Will.

When the bartender brought that, the guy grabbed both drinks and headed to one of the booths. Will followed him, sliding in next to him. The guy handed Will his drink, and Will took a deep sip. "So, what's your name?" Will asked. "Erik. You?" "I'm Will." "Nice to meet you, Will. Are you looking for someone to play with?" "Oh, maybe, I'm still kinda figuring out what I want." Erik let out a disappointed hmm at that. "Well, I'd love to play with you if you do figure it out. I'd love to see what you look like on your knees." Will wanted to respond to that, but his tongue felt heavy. Erik slid closer to Will in the booth and placed his hand on Will's neck. Will tried to pull away, but his body felt like lead. "You'll be so, so pretty on your knees," Erik breathed against Will's face, and then Will blacked out.

Chapter End Notes

Next up: Will's kidnapped and Hannibal comes to the rescue.

Sicker Than Love

Chapter Summary

TW: physical assault, sexual assault, murder

Will wakes up. Hannibal kills someone.

Chapter Notes

TW: physical assault, sexual assault, murder

Hi all - I am so sorry I have been MIA. Life has been crazy. I know some of you were really looking forward to the rest of this story, and I hope you will forgive my unintended hiatus. The next/final chapter is mapped out and should be posted sometime this month.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will awoke, his head was splitting, and he felt nauseous. His knees were killing him, and his shoulders ached. He blinked his eyes open, and was met with a very unwelcome realization. He had been drugged, and he was no longer at Discord. He was in a dark room, and all he could see was a table, bright lights hanging above it, piled high with different torture instruments. *Well, I guess I found our serial killer* , Will thought dryly. He tried to move and couldn't. Glancing down, he realized (1) he was naked and (2) his legs were bound in red rope. Tugging on his arms, he guessed they too were bound, and tied to the ropes around his legs, keeping him in the kneeling position he was in now. *Yup, definitely our guy* . Panic began settling in, clearing the fog from the drugs.

Hannibal followed Will to Discord. He dressed down - jeans, a black t-shirt, a leather jacket - he needed to be someone else tonight. He didn't want Will to notice him, to feel that Hannibal didn't trust him. Following Will was not something new to Hannibal. He had been growing increasingly obsessed with the man since the moment Will spit out, "Tasteless," at the mention of Freddie Lounds' coverage of Elise Nichols' death. And now that Hannibal had tasted Will, he was never letting Will go. He would follow him to the ends of the earth. He would burn down cities before he let Will leave him. This line of thinking had discomforted him weeks before - bucking against the notion of another person having any kind of hold on him - but having Will's submission quieted the beast inside of him. Their hold was mutual.

He entered the club two minutes after Will, watching Will's movements and planting himself near the end of the bar at the front of the club. He ordered a beer and didn't drink it. He watched Will looking around the club. He watched Will approach a stranger at the back bar. And he watched as that stranger drugged Will and half carried him out of the club - the man playing it off as though Will had just had too much to drink. He was going to kill this man.

Hannibal left quickly, watching as the man folded Will into the backseat of his car. He followed him, far enough behind not to be noticed. Not that this idiot would notice *, Hannibal thought smugly. He parked down the street and waited twenty minutes.*

Will's heart beat against his chest. He was fucked. Of course he went alone, and of course he did something stupid, and now he was going to die. He had just maybe found love and now he was going to die. *Not just die* , his mind supplied. Right, he was going to be brutally tortured first. That actually bought him some time. Certainly the FBI had noticed he had gone missing from the club. *Maybe Hannibal will find me* , he thought weakly. *Hannibal, fuck, Hannibal was going to be so upset.*

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps. Erik stepped into view and Will snarled. Erik laughed. "Now, now, little pet, none of that," he said, stroking Will's face. Will jerked his head away, but Erik grabbed his hair, pulling his head back into place. Then he slapped Will across the face so hard his ears rang. "What a pretty thing, red looks so good on you. And I was right, you look very pretty on your knees." He moved his hands from Will's hair and started caressing him, running his hands over his neck, his chest. He grabbed Will's soft cock and gave it a tug. Will let out a soft cry of pain. "Don't worry, pet, I'll give you pleasure later. Right now, it's my turn." With that, he slid an open-mouth gag onto Will and unbuttoned his suit pants.

Hannibal entered the house quietly, moving through each room before he noticed the basement door was ajar. He made no sound as he snuck down the stairs. As he reached the bottom of the stairs and rounded the corner, he saw a dark room, lit only by a bright light hanging over a metal table. There was still plenty of light to see the man holding a knife to Will's throat, as he began removing a gag from Will's face. The man's pants were undone, and his cock was quickly softening. Will let out a pained cry as the gag popped free of his mouth. Hannibal's blood ran cold as he realized what had just happened to Will. He stalked forward, growling. The man turned in confusion, and the knife he was holding dug into Will's throat.

"Remove your knife from his throat, now," Hannibal said, voice as hard as steel. The man seemed to consider Hannibal for a moment, before moving the knife further across Will's throat, sneering. Hannibal launched himself at the man. Hannibal's quick attack startled the man, who tried to step backwards and tripped. Hannibal followed him, pinning him to the ground. He sat atop the man, holding both his arms to the cold concrete beneath them. He squeezed the man's wrist until there was a loud pop and the man screamed, dropping the knife. Hannibal bent down, and while keeping the man's arms pinned, ripped a chunk from his throat with his teeth. The man tried to scream again, but there was just a weak gurgling

noise. Hannibal grabbed the knife then, letting go of the man. He stood above him, and baring his bloodied teeth, he stabbed the man. Over and over, he stabbed, his chest, his groin, his face. All he could see was red, blood - Will's blood. This man had spilled Will's blood.

"Hannibal," Will breathed. Hannibal stilled and turned. His face was stone, a picture of rage, but then softening as he took in the sight of Will. There was a small cut across Will's throat, and his face was streaked with tears, but he was okay. Blood dripped from Hannibal's lip, and he moved towards Will, reaching out for him. "No, Hannibal, stop," Will said, his voice rough. Hannibal did, a small shimmer of despair showing through his usually stoic mask. "Will, I…" "Hannibal, it's okay. It's okay. But you need to leave. Leave me here, let the FBI find me like this. You can't touch me, or they'll know. Go home, and I'll be there as soon as I can. They were watching the club, they'll be tracking me. They'll find me soon."

Hannibal frowned slightly, but nodded. He moved towards Erik's body, grabbing the knife that was currently lodged in his face. He knelt and cut away the skin from the man's throat. He then looked around, assessing the room. He spotted a bottle of bleach sitting on the table, and grabbed it, dousing the dead man in it. He then wiped the knife down with a rag before dropping it into the bleach bottle. His jaw clenched in frustration. This was not how he did things. He was careful, thought things through ahead of time. He had been rash, and now he was hastily trying to clean up his mistakes. He could feel Will's eyes on him as he worked, removing as much evidence of himself as he could. He glanced over his shoulder, and Will met his eyes, fierce and hungry. Hannibal calmed then. He couldn't turn this pig into a monument for Will, but it didn't matter. Will had seen him, and Will still wanted him. "Get home safe, mylimasis," he whispered, before leaving Will alone again in the barely lit room, a puddle of blood slowly moving towards his bound knees.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Will and Hannibal reunite.

Flow Through My Veins

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal are reunited and emotional sexy times ensue.

Chapter Notes

I am really sorry for the delay in finishing this. I don't really have an excuse. It's not exactly what I was wanting, but it is what I was able to get out. I hope you enjoy it. Again, I'm sorry. Please forgive me long, long absence. No beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack and a swat team arrived minutes later. As he heard footsteps at the top of the stairs, Will slumped as much as he was able to and let his head fall to one side. He didn't want them to see him like this, but there was no other way. He needed to protect Hannibal, so he would do this. He would play the part.

Jack took in the scene, while a member of the swat team called for medical. Two EMTs descended the stairs, one going to Erik and the other to Will. The EMT looked Erik over, briefly checked for a pulse, and then moved to assist with Will. They cut the rope, and Will collapsed. That part was only partially for show. The quick release had blood flowing quickly to his limbs that had gone numb and the feeling made him queasy. As they loaded Will onto a stretcher, he stirred. Jack held up his hand, stopping the EMTs and questioning Will before he allowed them to take him away. *What did he know?* Nothing, just that his name was Erik and he had drugged Will. Will didn't mention the sexual component of the assault he had endured here. *Who killed him?* He didn't know, he had passed out while being beaten. Jack seemed unhappy with these responses, but the EMTs interrupted saying they needed to get him to the ambulance to fully check him over.

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Hannibal sat still as stone in his chair. He had paced for 30 minutes, poured himself a drink, sat down, and not moved since. His drink sat untouched, as his thoughts tormented him. *Why had he waited to go in after Will?* He knew why. He wanted to see what Will would do. Despite any affection he had for Will, he was still curious about Will's capacity for violence. If he had gone in sooner, Will wouldn't have experienced the things that he did. He could have stopped that from happening. This line of thought was not something Hannibal was used to, this worry over another's suffering. He hadn't felt these emotions since he was a

child, since Mischa. He had put himself at risk, and now he just had to hope that Will would protect him.

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Several hours later, Hannibal stirred at the sound of a knock at his door. He rushed, in a way that had him feeling much unlike himself, to answer. His heart stopped and started again at the sight of Will standing there before him. “Will,” he breathed, reaching out. Will stepped forward and pressed himself closely to Hannibal, breathing him in. “I’m sorry I took so long. The EMTs were very thorough in their examination, almost as thorough as Jack was in his questioning.”

Hannibal stilled at that, his body tensing at the potential threat. Will noticed and brought his hands to Hannibal’s face. “Hannibal,” he whispered softly. “I won’t let them take you from me. I will do whatever I need to do to protect you.” Hannibal let out a soft growl and kissed Will fiercely. After a few moments, Will pulled back. “Hannibal, take me to bed,” he pleaded. Hannibal hesitated, but seeing the fire in Will’s eyes, he scooped him up and carried him to his bedroom.

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Hannibal’s bedroom wasn’t exactly what Will had expected. Greys and blues where Will would have expected warm tones. Japanese art where Will would have expected Italian masters. But none of that mattered right now. He let himself take in the room for a brief moment before turning his attention to Hannibal, who had just unceremoniously plopped him onto the bed.

For the first time in his life, Hannibal hesitated. Will had just gone through something very traumatic, and it was his fault. He could have stopped it. He wasn’t sure how to proceed now that Will was here, safe if not unharmed. Will seemed to not be having the same thought process. He slid from the bed onto his knees in front of Hannibal, moving his hands up Hannibal’s thighs and towards his belt. Hannibal grabbed his hands firmly, staring down at Will.

“Will, I…” he started, but Will cut him off. “Please, Hannibal. Let me taste you. I don’t want him to be the last thing I have tasted.” Hannibal’s jaw clenched and his throat tightened, but he nodded, letting go of Will’s hands and moving them to caress his curls. Will made quick work of his belt and zipper, searching desperately for Hannibal’s cock.

Hannibal’s concerns left his mind completely as the wet heat of Will’s mouth enveloped him. He moaned slightly, curling his fist in Will’s hair. He could feel Will smile, despite the mouthful of cock. Will was still slow, sloppy - it was clear he didn’t have much experience in blowjobs. The jealous monster inside of Hannibal enjoyed this fact, and it didn’t take long before Hannibal had to pull Will off of him. He did not want to come in Will’s mouth tonight. He had other places he wanted to be the first.

“Get on the bed, Will,” he said, voice rough with desire. Will scrambled onto the bed, his face red and his eyes shining. Hannibal undressed, quickly but with control, and followed Will onto the bed. Will’s breath caught as Hannibal hovered over him. Despite being fully

clothed while Hannibal was naked, he felt on display. Hannibal's eyes roved hungrily over him, and when his eyes met Will's it felt like all the air had been sucked out of the room.

Hannibal leaned down and kissed Will, softly. He continued kissing Will as he undressed him, peeling off the oversized scrubs the EMTs had obviously given him. Once Will was naked, he allowed himself to sit back on his heels and look over every inch of Will's slim frame. He made soft snarls at the bruises already beginning to bloom across Will's body. When his eyes got to Will's neck, he frowned at the bright white dressing and the cut that it hid. Will slowly moved below Hannibal, reaching up and removing the dressing so that Hannibal could fully see the wound on his neck. Hannibal bared his teeth at the sight and instinctively bent down and licked at the gash. Will let out a harsh moan, and a plea, "Hannibal…"

Hannibal continued to lick and nip at Will's neck while he reached into the bedside table and pulled out a small glass bottle. He poured some of the contents onto his fingers and grasped Will's cock in his lubricated hand. Will began to pant as Hannibal moved his hand slowly up and down. After a few strokes, Hannibal moved his hand away from Will's cock and Will let out a small whine. However, Hannibal's fingers slid between Will's cheeks and began to slowly massage his hole. Will's brain short circuited and he was no longer aware of what sounds he was making. He pulled at Hannibal's hair, bringing his lips - smeared in a thin layer of Will's blood - to his and kissing him deeply. As Hannibal's tongue licked into Will's mouth, his fingers began working Will open - slowly, gently.

Hannibal continued to keep his mouth and fingers in tandem - licking, sucking, and biting at Will's mouth while he slowly began to finger him, one finger becoming two, becoming three, until Will was a quivering mess below him. "Hannibal, please," he whispered into their kiss. Hannibal pulled back, reaching again for the glass bottle. "Hold out your hand, Will." He did so and Hannibal poured some of the liquid into his palm. "Stroke me," he said into Will's ear as he once again licked the wound on his throat. It was a bit of an awkward angle, but Will got his slippery hand around Hannibal, pumping him a few times, moaning at the mixing feelings of Hannibal's hard cock in his hand and his soft tongue against his throat.

After a few moments, Hannibal pulled away from Will, looking into his eyes. "Are you sure, Will?" he asked gently. Will nodded, soft curls bouncing against his flushed face. "Words, Will," Hannibal said with a sharp smile. "Fuck me, Hannibal. Please." Hannibal slid slowly into Will, giving him time to adjust with each small movement. Finally, the entirety of his cock was buried inside Will. Staring down at his beautiful boy, flushed, moaning, begging him to move, the air flew from his lungs. He would do anything, kill anyone, to keep Will like this. His, completely and utterly. "Hannibal, please," Will begged, unaware of the thoughts ricocheting around Hannibal's heart. "Yes, mylimasis?" he asked, voice breathy. "Move, please, Hannibal, please fuck me," Will whimpered. "Yes, mylimasis."

And he did just that. He moved slowly at first, pulling his cock almost entirely out before sliding fully back in. Will let out a series of soft cries as Hannibal did this, and it was music to his ears. He angled his hips until he hit just the right spot and Will cursed and then moaned. "Language, Will," he said, leaning down to nip at Will's jaw as he began moving more quickly, aiming for the same spot over and over. Will was wanton below him. His curls were sticking to his forehead and neck, his skin flushed a beautiful pink from cheeks to chest.

His cock between them leaked profusely. Hannibal grasped him, pumping his cock in rhythm with his hips. In seconds, Will came with a shout. His come landed across his chest and Hannibal bent down to lick it up. The taste, Will's heavy panting, and the tightness of him led to Hannibal following quickly after, shot after shot of come filling Will up.

Panting, he pressed himself down on Will, surrounding him entirely. He breathed in deeply, the smell of their combined sweat and come a sensory note he never wanted to forget. Will wrapped his arms tightly around Hannibal, his nails biting into Hannibal's back. Eventually, Hannibal withdrew, pressing kisses across Will's face as he did so. "One moment, mylimasis," he said as he rose. Will looked forlorn so Hannibal bent and kissed him deeply. "I will be back before you can say my name," he said gently.

He returned with a warm wet cloth. He cleaned Will's chest and then between his legs. Will blushed but blessed Hannibal with a sheepish grin. "Come hold me," Will requested, so Hannibal dropped the cloth to the floor and gathered Will up in his arms. "Aš tave myliu," Hannibal whispered into Will's neck as he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Fin!

I may write some one-shot follow ups later on. Let me know if there's something you'd like to see from this version of Will and Hannibal.

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